

# Bard

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# Bard

= = = = =

Let it understand along the way  
let it taste me to be sure—

am I the one I claim to be  
or am I someone who doesn't much  
like other people—all that skin—  
a daft whistlebinkie all alone  
would rather stay up behind the altar.

You don't have to believe in God  
to pray sincerely. Prayer  
is a god all of its own, a whirl  
of energy that keeps me who I am.

Or think I am. Only you  
can prove me wrong.  
And you are mostly  
silent in the sanctuary.

15 September 2009

## TRAGEDY, 1

From each according to his liberty  
to each according to his dread—  
that's how tragedy's supposed to work,  
a young man whispering in an old man's ear.

15.IX.09

## TRAGEDY, 2

They knew the wheel but had not much use for it  
they weren't going anywhere  
and everything pretty much grew right here.  
The wheel was the beginning of tragedy.  
It starts when Laios goes out for a drive  
it ends when his son walks into the trees.

15.IX.09

## TRAGEDY, 3

They knew there was a fire  
ran through the body of a woman or a man  
a fire that told them what to do

and made them do it. They called  
this fire *water*  
and dreamt of drowning in it

or pouring it out on unknown altars  
like cows' milk in the laps of virgins.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

If the word would only tell me  
what it wanted, would wake up  
a minute before I do and be ready  
to instruct me. But most mornings  
wordless wake—I lie there  
waiting for it to brush my lips.  
Your word, especially, brought  
from all the places you've been.

15 September 2009

## VARIATIONS, RECOLLECTIONS

Prove it. Ripen  
it on your vine  
not its own.

You'll never know  
which of you is you

and what the shadow on the wall  
is the one bothered  
all day long by the sun.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

Comfort me green  
as an island or a hawk  
alone in the sky who  
could be more alone than I?

Never poultice a dead wound—  
the blood creeps ceaseless  
underneath reminding  
I died for thee.

15 September 2009



= = = = =

Cloud cantilevered  
beams of occident light.  
Dreams waiting in the mountain  
my name a stone you roll away.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

Blue sky through  
green trees  
nothing tells anybody  
more than it does  
the need to be here  
to be part of what I see.

15.IX.09

= = = = =

Turn the pages for me  
so my eyes for once  
don't command my hands

then I'll read whatever text  
you spread out before me  
and study that, and that alone

sole apocalypse of mystery.

16 September 2009

= = = = =

Soi mon livre  
inconnu, l'archive  
de l'avenir.

Waiting begins  
so many songs  
silence has  
up its sleeves

all I need's  
a blonde vocalist,  
a pilgrim voice  
over a dark audience

hearing her cry  
and knowing why.

16 September 2009

= = = = =

I'm trying to be so simple.  
Like oatmeal in the morning  
or a dead wasp on the windowsill.

16.IX.09

= = = = =

Don't think I did what none do  
a dither in the head I pretend to  
wake from what I pretend to dream

I can't find the outside

though the window screams at me  
the dubious synesthesias of the working day

my light won't hear.

17 September 2009

= = = = =

Keep it small  
no bigger than one  
of the three little  
frogs we saw  
at Clermont  
on the pond's rim  
one slipped in  
then we were two.

17.IX.09

= = = = =

Close the window close the door  
the stars are coming down in daytime

I bring you country matters  
a thing in a nest of things

a fold of skin around an idea  
a place where a road is a miracle

to a place where weddings  
last longer than marriages

so thick with music is it.

17 September 2009



= = = = =

Casual arrivals on these shores

also seagull pure

or true commando

bracketing [image]

by eye-sign,

skid of cloud over water tower

knows whose face it is

*water inside wood held up in air*

grab not too ungently

her by mane

(whose mother worries

all love long),

turn on the anxiety machine

to drown out your glad afflictions and.

18 September 2009

= = = = =

This is the last day  
a life meant.  
After this a pure  
discover of.

18.IX.09

## SANCTUARY

In the Audubon upland the birds were safe from our observation—we were the inspectors come with spyglass and camera to know them. But this was their sanctuary. The birds were weary of being known. They rested undetected in the trees. They didn't have to perform—flutter, chirp, sing, condescend to our miserable backyard seed. Here they were other people, alone in their green homes, at most keeping an eye maybe lazy on our wanderings.

18 September 2009

*after a visit to Buttercup on Route 82*

= = = = =

You clear the head by playing solitaire—  
now how do you clear the clarity away?

18.IX.09

= = = = =

The crows sound glad

I discover how they sound.

18.IX.09

## **NIHIL**

How much is little? Or less?

The Romans, with all their five  
declensions, had none to decline

*nihil*, ‘nothing.’ A word

that resembled itself

and danced with everyone.

Nobody who is anybody

can actually dance—

that’s what Kierkegaard meant—

not even with God.

Only nobody knows how to dance.

18 September 2009